



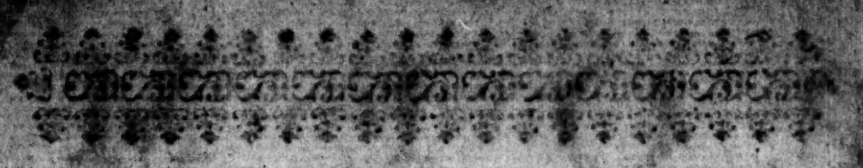
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A  
P O E M  
O N T H E  
D E A T H  
O F T H E

Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, *Esq;*

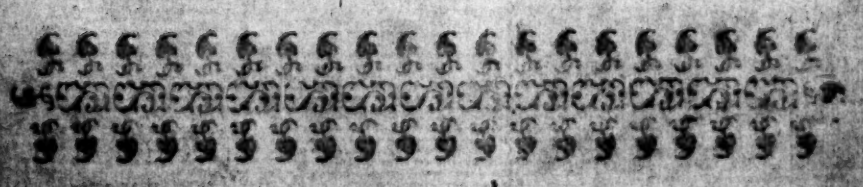




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# P O E M

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JOSEPH ADDISON, *Esq;*

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By EDWARD COBDEN M. A.

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——— *Tu Patria nobis*

*Suppeditas precepta; Tuisq; ex, Inclute Chartis,  
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;  
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima Vitâ.*

Lucret.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. Bettesworth at the Red-Lyon in  
Pater-Noster-Row, J. Brotherton in Cornhill,  
E. Curll in Fleet-Street, and J. Graves in  
St. James's-Street. 1720.

(Pr. 6d.)



P O E M

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

BY EDWARD COBBEN, M. A.

46  
4  
462  
The Author's  
Supplies presents a Poem, viz. Lucius Charis,  
Dedicated, in verse to the Honourable  
Gentleman, who is now deceased, and  
whose, perfecting paper design has  
been

L O N D O N

Printed for A. Baskin, the Red-Lion in  
Peter-Necker, in Cornhill,  
E. Carl in St. James's Street, 1750.  
and J. Greville in



St. James's Street, 1750.  
(Pr. 6d.)



ON THE  
DEATH

OF THE  
Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, *Esq.*

ADDISON! were none your worth  
to sing,  
But who with Yours could equal

Numbers bring  
Eternal silence would surround your Tomb,  
And every Muse must be for ever Dumb,

Yet since, while mournful we attend Your  
Hearse,

Duty demands a Tributary Verse;

*On the Death of*

For the mermaid if he tempt in vain  
Thou'lt fight: the Son of Phobus can't amuse  
nor Thy Pickell can

And yet methinks the bright example fires;  
And while we Sing the very Theme Inspires.

When first Your Harp on *Cherwell's* Banks  
You strung,  
With Rapture *Rhedycyna* heard the Song,  
For You she destin'd then her fairest Crown,  
And in Your rising Glory saw Her Own.

Does the (\*) *Mercurial-Index* of the Air,  
Clos'd in transparent Tubes employ Your Care?  
Tho in the Chrystal rise uncertain Tides,  
And oft the Ear, conscious of Clouds, subsides;  
A set-

---

(\*) *Addison's Barometery.*

A settled Fair still brightens in Your Line,  
And mounting Spirits show, *Apollo* shines

Or are (²) Imaginary Kingdoms fought,  
And mighty Wars by little Champions fought?  
When Men in Miniature, Pigeon Crouds,  
Engag'd a Foe descending from the Clouds,

Or if such Tragically Pleasant Feats,  
Some *Thespis* now in (¹) humble Scenes repeats,  
Where Passive Actors mimick gestures show,  
And into Monarchs from the Chiffel grow,

Where'er Your Muse selects her sportive  
Theme,

Suspended by Your Lays the list'ning Stream

Flows

---

(¹) His Pigmies and Cranes.      (²) His Puppet Show.



## On the Death of

Flows slowly, youthful Sons <sup>(4)</sup> of *Wainfleet* throng,  
Repeating to the Groves the tuneful Song;  
The Groves their verdant Heads delighted bend,  
Nor longer *Philomela's* strains attend.

From these diverting Subjects if You rise,  
On Eagles Wings exalting to the Skies;  
Heroes complete, and sing of true Alarms,  
Of *Albion's* Triumphs and of *Nassau's* Arms;  
When <sup>(5)</sup> *Europe* felt the blessings of his Sword,  
And Heaven-born Peace was to the World re-  
stor'd;  
Unfading Lawrels then adorn Your Brow,  
Not less the Poet's, than the Victor's due.

Our thoughts are fir'd, our rising Bosoms glow,  
And all our Passions charge the faithless Foe,

When

---

<sup>(4)</sup> Founder of *Magdalen Coll.* <sup>(5)</sup> His Peace of *Reswick.*

Joseph Addison, Esq;

When You th' embattled *Schellenberg* rehearse,  
And *Bleinheim's* (\*) Cannon thunders in Your  
Verse;

When You display undaunted *Churchill's* Soul,  
Teaching the furious Tempest where to roll;  
Dealing destruction round the dreadful Plain,  
Unmov'd — except with Pity for the Slain;  
On whose commands Defeat and Death depends,  
Whose every Standard Victory attends.

*Tallard* on that Illustrious Day subdu'd,  
Is more with envy than compassion view'd,  
Who from the greatest Hand receives his Chains,  
And sounds for ever in the Noblest Strains;  
Triumphant Honour from defeat accrues,  
When You Record and *Malborough* Subdues.

On the Death of

To You blest Bard ! the Victor too must owe,  
Those Lawrels which shall never cease to grow ;  
For tho' with genuine Excellency Great,  
Conduct and Courage make the Chief complete,  
Unrival'd Glories tho' his Actions boast,  
And ev'n *Pharsalia* is in *Bleinheim* lost ;  
With brightest Rays he rises in Your Lines,  
And by your Pen with endless lustre shines ;  
Heroes and all their mighty Deeds must Dye,  
Unless the Muses constant Youth supply ;  
Fate shew'd a Justice which to Both was due,  
When to one Age the *Churchill* gave and *Tous*  
Each for the other made, the Heroes Fame,  
Was worthy of the Poet's sacred Flame ;  
The sacred Flame no less a Theme requir'd,  
The Sword and Pen were equally inspir'd.

---



# Joseph Addison, Esq;

That Virtue more exalted Charms would gain  
So when the Mantuan Muse in gentle Strains  
Tun'd her soft Pipe o'er the Sicilian Plains  
Shepherds admiring all around her stood,  
Thyrsis forgot his Flock, his Flock their Food  
But when her breast *Arms and the Trojan War*  
The Universe was with the Trumpet charm'd;  
*Aeneas* grew immortal in each Line,  
All own the Hero, and his Work Divine,  
But who can rise to Cato's just Applause?  
Cato the Affair of his Country's Cause  
Had He, who enter'd on a Publick Stage,  
Only to leave it in a generous Rage,  
Had he but seen the Patriot thus revive,  
And so reviv'd his Moral Lessons give,  
All the Mules leaving their Stores

(C) Cur in Theatrum Cato seveus venisti?  
An Deo tantum veneras, ut exires?

Mart.

# The Death of a Poet

That Virtue more exalted Charms would gain  
 In your just Scenes, than its own Censor's Reign;  
 Tho' he could lead, Great *Cæsar* conquer'd home  
 And show the Captive to Almighty *Rome*,  
 He'd give his Rival the Triumphant Day,  
 And chuse to Bleed, to furnish out Your Play.

Had you in silence check'd your easy Vein,  
 Till to *Ausonia* You had crost the Main,  
 We should, unjust to *Oxford*, think You found,  
 Your happy Genius on the Classic Ground:  
 And while You there ador'd a Power Divine,  
 Had issu'd from some deathless Poet's Shrine;  
 But You the best Foundation to be Great  
 Had laid, in Studies, at that sacred Seat,  
 Where Heaven its Blessing prodigally pours,  
 And all the Muses lavish all their Stores.

Joseph Addison, 1719; 21

You but improv'd the Stock You carried over,  
Polish'd that Diamond which was rich before,  
You, e'er You wander, like the *Grecian Sage*,  
In Fields, Pastures, glorious *Chiefs* engage:  
*Pallas* assisting Your decennial Toils,  
You conquer *Ilium* in Your Native Soil,  
At *Rhodyria's Heliconian Springs*,  
Musick Your Voice acquir'd, and strength Your

Wing!  
Hence Your great Mind with various Learning  
fraught,  
From all Your Travels Use and Pleasure brought.

Like a fam'd River which its Rise derives,  
From some proud Mountain, that supports the

skies,

But



Deeper and Stronger in its Current grows,  
And Wealth and Beauty to the World beflows.

Not so our Youth to distant Realms convey'd,  
E'er they, their Country, or themselves have read,  
As You with Wisdom, they return with Wind,  
And leave what Virtue Nature gave behind.

They only can of shining Prospects boast,  
And their Instruction is in Wonder lost,  
To Dress and Dancing <sup>elegantly</sup> finically bred,  
They seek the Improvement of the Heart and  
Head.

When Ships well laden leave *Britannia's* shores,  
They call both *Indies* to advance their *Stores*;

But

But unsuccessful they the Ocean ride,  
 Not pois'd by Ballast, nor with Freight supply'd,  
 Nought they restore (the sport of wanton Tides)  
 But leaky Bottoms and convulsive Sides.

No Ocean e'er You sail'd, to You unknown,

And all the Land You travers'd was Your own;  
 Familiar Landscapes open to Your Eyes,  
 And Nations Fraught with wonders scarce surprize;  
 You find out Subjects for delightful Rhimes (\*)  
 Where e're You pass; whether o'er happy Climes,  
 Which Nature's Hand has with Indulgence grac'd,  
 Or where Man's Folly has the View defac'd;  
 Some noble Observation still You raise,  
 Or to Your Country's Profit, or its Praise.

So  
 As modest, shallow'd each succeeding Thought:

---

(\*) His Letter from Italy to the Lord Halifax.

(\*) His Poem on the Restoration printed on the other side of the next page.

Not point by Ballast, nor with Freight supply'd  
 So the industrious Bee far distant Flies,  
 To enrich the common Stock with laden Thighs  
 What noisom Weeds or fragrant Violets hold,  
 She, Chymist like, converts to Liquid Gold.  
 By Books and Travel thus endow'd Your Heart,  
 With all the Gifts the Muses could impart:  
 Like Cato You appear with Virtue fir'd,  
 The Publick Good Your generous Page inspir'd:  
 Thus while mean Scriblers prostitute their Flame,  
 And pawn their Innocence to purchase Fame;  
 In Your chaste Notions and exalted Lines,  
 Not less the Christian than the Poet shines.  
 The Verse You early to the Altar brought, (10)  
 As Incense, hallow'd each succeeding Thought:

The

(10) His Poem on the Resurrection painted on the Altar-  
 piece of Magdalen College,



# Joseph Addison, 1719, 1719

The final Flames You then so well exprest,  
The very Picture glow'd within Your Breast;  
Hence is Your Muse so Innocent and clear,  
She views the Original devoid of Fear.

Hence when in Strong Confederacy join'd,  
Conceited Vice with spurious Wit combin'd,  
Bearing down all, like some resistless Flood;  
'Mong many Pathlets, You like *Abdiel* stood, (11)  
With noble Resolution stem'd the Tide,  
And summon'd all the Nine on Virtues side.

When from harmonious Numbers You descend,  
With different Pace to the same Mark You bend,  
True Wit's the Mean, true Honour's still the End.  
From Heaven at first deriv'd, Your glorious Ray  
To those bright Regions ever show'd the way.

Those

The final Flanes You then so well expect

These Essays by Your Lively Fancy wrought

With what instructive entertaining Thought

They freely flow'd: we all the honest Fraud

When Pleasure cheats us into Health, applaud:

The witty Fools who would themselves amuse

And like th' *Athenians* only come for News

Are then instructed in their unknown God

And taught to fear the Great Creator's Rod

Are with unanswerable Reason seiz'd

And into an Immortal Soul surpris'd

Thus when the curious for Diversion seek

To view some venerable graceful Dome

Or by the sweetness of the Organ charm'd

While what's Delightful on the sense has gain'd

To those bright Regions ever flow'd the way

What's

That

(11) Milton's Paradise lost.

(11) Milton's Paradise lost.

What's sacrifice Religion here imparts,   
 And how do holy Avocations bind   
 Their pliant Thoughts by awful Objects sway'd,   
 Are to Devotion happily bound   
 And, like the Fatal Horse, stands big with Arms;   
 ("The Visionary Scenes You give us prove")   
 That when Sleep conveys is from above,   
 And oh! could Fiction but reduce the Pain   
 Could Party Rage and Anger's Art refrain   
 Could pleasant Taste be placid   
 And sanguine as the Mute's Long   
 Your Musick had the evil Spirit charm'd,   
 And the impetuous Passion quite disarm'd   
 Your soft Harmonies, Disposition had suppress'd   
 And soft as our warm Delia's soul'd us   
 No other Contest had engag'd our Zeal,   
 But who should most be blending Country best

A



# On the Death of

Gentle *Africa* would her Seat regain,  
And Love and Safety Crown a happy Reign.

But when deaf Discord fills us with Alarms,  
And, like the Fatal Horse, stands big with Arms;  
When fond of Ruin, we our selves destroy, (11)  
*Phœbus* may build, but cannot save his *Troy*.  
Since such a Genius fall'd, all Human Care (12)  
May now resign its Efforts in Despair;  
Nought can compose us, but that Voice Divine,  
Which curbs the Fury of the foaming Brine.

For who, Thou Glory of our Age and Isle,  
Can reach the copious wonders of thy Style?  
Where Strength and Beauty, Mirth and Wisdom  
strive,  
Who can such lovely useful Mixture weave?

(11) *Instamus tamen immensa furor.* Vir.  
(12) *Ullâ si Pergama Dextrâ.* Vir.

Joseph Addison, Esq; 1719

A *Proteus* to instruct Mankind You come, and all  
And all Varieties of Form assume :  
The subtle *Deruiſe* ſurely did impart,  
Of Transmigration his ſurprizing Art.

Now Vital Force to ſenſeleſs Things You give,  
And grace with Reaſon, what You teach to Live:  
And when the Silver does to Speech aſpire,  
Who can enough their Eloquence admire?

Oft, like *Alcides* You our Monſters tame,  
Not in the Skin conceal'd, but *Lion's* Name;  
His Roar is with facetious Skill maintain'd,  
And *Sampſon's* Riddle is in Yours explain'd.

If in a milder Image You appear,  
And with the Dress affect the Woman's air,  
D 2 As

- 
- (<sup>15</sup>) *Spectator*. 578. (<sup>16</sup>) *Taſter on the Shilling*.  
(<sup>17</sup>) *Guardians on the Lion's Head at Buſton's*.  
(<sup>18</sup>) *Several Female Papers and Letters*.

# On Death

As Silk-Worms by the Web, which hides them  
 known, : *And all Varieties of Form assume*  
 Distinguish'd Your unrival'd Talents shone,  
 And soon *Achilles* in disguise we own;  
 The Manly Soul darts thro' the soft attire,  
 Tho' all the Graces in the Cheat conspire. (19)  
 No wonder You in Elegance excel,  
 Who of just writing shew the Art so well;  
 And while the Precepts You like *Flaccus* draw,  
 The noble pattern recommends the Law:  
 When You in *Statius's* Tribunal plac'd,  
 From future Bards, by Criticizing pass'd;  
 The matchless *Three* with deep Attention wait, (20)  
 And with Applause from You receive their Fate!  
 Tho' to the Stars ascends their great Renown,  
 They to Your sentence owe their brightest Crown;

Own

---

(19) *Achilles the most Beautiful of the Greeks.*  
 (20) *Homer, Virgil, and Milton.*



Own You improve the Images they drew,  
 And find out Beauties, which themselves  
 knew.

There's not a Page You for Amusement write,  
 But Charms uncommon strike our ravish'd sight;  
 Your Learning still to best Advantage shew'd,  
 And Sense sublime in easy Language flow'd:  
 Sweetness and Energy throughout we trace,  
 And in each Sentence, Dignity and Grace;  
 Your just Description still with Life beguird,  
 And from Your Colours fairest Nature smird:  
 The Turns were delicate, the Method clear,  
 And Judgment did the boundless Fancy steer;  
 The Reason strong, and the Reflections fine,  
 They pierce like Lightning, while like That they  
 shine.

Wit still supplied an unexhausted Store;  
Deep was the Mine, and sparkling was the Ore.

Fain would I Your unnumber'd Beauties tell,  
And on each bright Idea ever dwell;  
But I'm confounded with Excess of Light,  
And the Muse sinks unequal to the Flight.

But should I at Your Moral Graces aim,  
And loudly Your unblemish'd Life proclaim,  
Pure as your Sile, and brighter than Your Flame.  
Describe You seriously Devout at *Rome*,  
In *France* Sincere, unchangeable at Home;  
That different Regions, or as various Times,  
Could ne'er seduce You to prevailing Crimes,  
Could ne'er Your Heart from strictest Honour sway,  
Nor to licentious Schemes Your Head betray:

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Should I the faithful Senator commend

The best of Husbands, or the truest Friend,

I might again, — but oh! what Muse could end?

Should I thus single Excellencies trace,

I might be-wilder'd in th' unbounded Space

For ever range: Yet what did highest raise

Our Admiration, and enhance Your Praise,

With Talents large, with Morals so refin'd,

And all th' Endowments of a God-like Mind;

You were so Humble, as you had not known

That Merit, which the World was proud to own:

Your native Modesty o'er all the rest

Of these Perfections, which enrich'd your Breast

Still most prevail'd; like a delightful Shade

By *Raphael's* Hand, with blended Colours made:

This Crowns the Piece, compleats the Artist's Toil,

It self at once a Beauty and a Foil.

Where



Should I the faithful Senator commend  
The best of Friends, or the truest Friend  
**Where now will unexperienc'd Writers find  
Such Worth, with such obliging Goodness join'd?**

Whom shall we find so ready to support  
The bashful Suiter at the Muses Court?  
Seated himself on *Pindus*, lofty Brow,  
Stooping to hand up those that toil below.  
With trembling Steps, now striving to ascend,  
I wail the Loss of such a publick Friend.  
And all the Endowments of a God-like Mind;

O! when You fled, had You but left behind  
More than some Image of Your heavenly Mind!  
Or like *Elijah*, when You upward drew,  
Had some inspiring Mantle from You flew!  
And had I — I forget my self and You.  
By Raphael's Hand, with plumed Colours made:

This Crown the Pious, and the Arts the Toil  
You-Your inimitable Virtues raise  
Beyond our Wishes, and above our Praise.  
When

When Monuments of Brass themselves shall Die,  
And *Parian* Marble shall neglected Lie;  
When *Trajan's* stately Pillar shall subside,  
And Time shall humble tow'ring *Memphis' Pride*,  
Your Muse shall please, Your Travels shall be read,  
Your Essays shall exempt You from the Dead;  
And what Perfection Tragic-Rage shall show,  
Our Scenes to *Cato*, Ages hence will owe.

Nay, when the Powers of Nature shall expire,  
And this stupendous Frame consume in Fire,  
Whilst the Lascivious Muse shall hide her Head,  
Confounded at the Sound which wakes the Dead;  
Whilst the Profane to gloomy Caverns flies,  
Dreading that Vengeance, which his now denies,  
When downward they with Horror, Dread, and  
Shame,

Tend to that Place, whence they derive their Flame.

(The wither'd Garlands their vain Fancies raise,  
Just serving to augment the painful Blaze.)

Then You with Joy shall raise Your radiant Head,  
To Seats of Bliss by Your *Urania* led.

The Lawrels on Your Temples shall be gay,

Un-injur'd by that Great Destroying Day.

Your Notes to happy Saints shall Pleasure bring,

And what You Here compos'd, There Cherubims  
may Sing.

F I N I S.





17

ATOT